



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

caricatures of humanity. Cabanel paints flesh with a rare purity and vigor of life; but one of his subjects, the "Adam and Eve," is impious and disgusting; the "Faun carrying off a Nymph" ought to be turned to the wall; another, "The Birth of Venus," would be better with a veil over it; and the rest are portraits, of which one purports to be the emperor, whose face seems to be cut out of a Dutch cheese, with the most rascally, treacherous eyes that were ever set in a human head. Theodore Rousseau, is a landscapist, clever and conscientious no doubt, but blotchy and heavy, and whose nature oppresses me with its masses of thick paint and absence of clear, dewy atmosphere. He is none the less vastly admired by those who see nature as he does, and who prefer technical skill and striking effect—the incontestable merits of the French school—to the other nicer and higher qualities of genuine art.

(From Ella's Musical Record.)

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

A cruel instance of a *double* encore I once witnessed, which gave pain to a favorite prima donna, and reflected on the vulgar taste of an insensate, inconsiderate public. The opening duet of the second act of "La Gazza Ladra" expresses the agony of the imprisoned maiden, and sympathy of her fellow-servant—soprano and contralto. Grisi delivered the melody with true expression, as did Alboni in the dominant—a fourth below the tonic. The *timbre* of Alboni's voice, in this pathetic melody, told wonderfully on the audience. When called upon to sing her part a *third* time, the sensitive nature of the insulted soprano was painfully hurt, and for a while Grisi left the stage. The selfishness and thoughtless distinctions of a mixed public, in their excessive transports of delight from mere sensual effects, are a constant source of annoyance to an intellectual artist. In this particular duet of "Ninetta" and "Pippo," however, I recollect Mlle. Brambilla being encored when Grisi was yet young and handsome, and her voice in its best condition. La prima donna then had absolute power, and at her bidding the duet was afterwards omitted. In the other instance, with Alboni, the opera itself was not repeated.

It is related of the famous Dragonetti, that, after performing a most fatiguing solo on the double-bass, he obstinately refused to obey the call for an encore. The public in vain insisted upon the solo being repeated. After considerable delay, the Venetian patriarch of the contra-basso explained to the manager, in his own peculiar cosmopolitan language: "Das I play ancora, mais si paga ancora? per Bacco!" (*Anglice*—"Well, I play encore, but you pay encore?") and ten guineas was the penalty which this encore cost the manager. If popular singers, annoyed with the public appetite for encores, were to pursue the same system, managers would soon adopt means to suppress the nuisance, or else singers would become millionaires.

As frequently occurs, even at the Musical Union, Ernst turned over two leaves by mistake. Mendelssohn, perceiving the delay of the *entree* of the violin, to the astonishment and delight of all present, improvised a phrase which most effectively filled up the void. A burst of applause followed, and our late royal president, the Duke of Cambridge, exclaimed—"Wonderful!" Mendelssohn, with that joyous spirit which I can never forget, heartily enjoyed the occurrence. A bank director, also present, humorously accused Mendelssohn of "putting more notes into circulation than authorized by printed authority." The composer laughed; and Thalberg, among the company present, had his complimentary joke upon improvisations and "*volti, non subito*."

I have seldom witnessed a more striking, and

even affecting scene, than the annual award of prizes to the students of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, at the Institute of France. To obtain the traveling pension and free residence in Rome is the natural ambition of every aspiring student of the Paris Conservatoire of Music. A gold medal of the value of £20 is given to the successful author of the Cantata. In the Institute a room is assigned to each competitor, and within a stated time his composition must be finished without the aid of an instrument. The musical Section, Members of the Institute, examine the score of each candidate, and the composition for which the prize is awarded is performed in presence of a full assembly of *savans* and visitors, occupying every part of the spacious amphitheatre. After an appropriate and encouraging address, the fortunate youth receives from the President a wreath of laurel, amidst the cheers of the assembly and his fellow-students in the gallery. The student, overwhelmed with joy, in one bound rushes up the steps of the tribune, and with emotion embraces his learned instructor, who, in his turn, says a few kind words to his cherished pupil. I own to have felt much humiliated in witnessing this touching scene in Paris, knowing how much is needed in my own country to encourage and foster the musical art, and to educate the gifted and deserving poor student.

REFLECTIONS, CRITICAL AND SUGGESTIVE.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Continued from page 85.

LISZT IN LEIPZIG.—The first concert, on the 17th March, was a remarkable sight. The audience were crowded together pell-mell. The very room did not look like itself, and the orchestra was filled with seats for the public. In the middle sat Liszt. He commenced with the Scherzo and Finale of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony"—a strange choice, and on several accounts, not a happy one. In one's own private room, with a friend or two, it is possible to forget the orchestra in the transcription, which is certainly most carefully done; but in public, in the very hall in which one had heard the symphony over and over again, played by the band in the most finished style, the comparative weakness of the piano was severely felt, and the more severely the more strenuously it endeavored to render the masses of orchestral sound. A simpler and more suggestive arrangement would, probably, have been more effective. But it served the purpose of exhibiting the master on his own instrument, and all were content; they had, at least, seen the lion shake his mane. The noble animal was soon to do mightier things. His next piece was a Fantasia on themes by Pacini, played in truly extraordinary fashion. But I would willingly have exchanged all the astonishing and audacious execution displayed in this for the magical delicacy with which he interpreted the Study that followed it. With the single exception of Chopin, I repeat that I know no one to approach him in this style. He finished with his well-known "Chromatic Galop," and then, as the applause still continued, played the equally well-known "Bravura Waltz."

Liszt was too exhausted and unwell to give the concert announced for the next day. But, in the meantime, a musical festival was in preparation, of such a nature that neither he himself, nor any one else present, should ever forget it. The giver of the festival—Mendelssohn—had avowedly chosen the programme from compositions unknown to his guest, viz., Schubert's Symphony in C; his

own Psalm, "As pants the Hart;" the Meers-tille Overture; three Choruses from "St. Paul;" and, for the wind-up, Bach's Concerto for three pianos, to be played by Liszt, Hiller, and himself. The whole thing had a completely impromptu air, and it occupied three thoroughly delightful hours, such as one can hardly hope to enjoy again for years. At the end Liszt played a solo, and wonderfully too. The party separated in a state of delight and excitement, and the cheerful and bright expression which lit up every face shone, as it were, like a thank-offering to the giver of the festival for his homage to the talent and fame of his brother-artist.

Liszt's most genial performance, however, was yet to come. This was Weber's "Concertstück," with which he opened his second concert. On this evening the whole audience, both professional and non-professional, were in the most cordial humor, and the enthusiasm which prevailed during the piece, and at its conclusion, surpassed well-nigh everything before witnessed. He started the concerto at once with a force and majesty of expression befitting a procession to the battlefield, and carried it on with increasing power, bar by bar, until he seemed to dominate over the whole orchestra, and to lead it on in triumph. At this moment he really looked like the great commander to whom we have already compared him, and the shouts of applause might well have been mistaken for "Vive l'Empereur!" Besides the "Concertstück," he gave a Fantasia on themes from the "Hugenots," Schubert's "Ave Maria and Serenade," and finally, at the demand of the audience, the "Erl King." But the "Concertstück" was the glory of the whole performance.

Who it was that suggested the crown of flowers which was handed to him at the close by a favorite lady singer, I know not, but it was certainly well deserved. None but a narrow and spiteful nature could carp, as some have carped, at a friendly act of homage like this. To give you, my friends, the pleasure which you this day enjoyed, this great artist had sacrificed years of his life: of the labor his art had cost him you know nothing: he gave you the best he had, his heart's blood, his very utmost, and you grudge him, in return, a paltry garland!

Liszt, however, would not remain in debt. He was evidently much pleased with his warm reception on the second occasion, and immediately stated his readiness to give a third concert for any charitable institution that might be selected. Accordingly, on Monday last, he played for the benefit of the Society for the Relief of decayed Musicians, as, on the day before, he had done at Dresden for the poor. The room was crowded to suffocation. The object of the concert, the programme, the co-operation of the most favorite artists, and, above all, the presence of Liszt himself, combined to excite the public sympathy. He arrived from Dresden in the morning, and although fatigued with his journey and with the long performance of the day before, went immediately to rehearsal, so that he had only a short interval before the commencement of the concert. Repose he had none. It is absolutely necessary to mention this, for the greatest man is, after all, but human, and the evident exhaustion with which Liszt played in the evening was but the natural consequence of his recent labors. He showed his friendly feeling by choosing for the concert compositions by three persons present, Mendelssohn, Hiller, and myself. He

selected the new Concerto* of the first, some Studies of Hiller's, and several numbers from an early work of mine, called "Carneval." It will astonish many a timid performer to hear that he played the greater part of these practically at sight! The "Studies" and the "Carneval," indeed, he knew slightly before, but the Concerto he had not seen until a day or two previously; and, in fact, it was impossible for him to have found time in that short period for any proper study of it. I ventured to hint my fear that the rhapsody of carnival-life would make but little impression on a general audience; but this he dismissed at once, by saying that he hoped it would. Nevertheless, I still believe he had deceived himself.

And here I may be allowed a word or two on this composition of mine. It owed its origin to the accidental circumstance that the name of a small town† in which a musical friend of mine resided contained letters answering to the same notes as those of my own name; and this suggested to me one of those *jeux d'esprit* which, since Bach set the example, have been common enough in music. It was composed, piece by piece, just at the time of the Carnival of 1835, but my motive throughout was serious, and the inter-connexion of the whole is close enough. Afterwards I added titles to the different pieces, and called the whole collection "Carneval." It contains many things which may charm individual hearers, but the moods of the music change too rapidly to allow of its being followed by the general public, who dislike being disturbed every other minute. This fact, as I have already said, had not been sufficiently considered by my good friend Liszt; and though he played with so much interest and geniality as probably to affect people here and there, yet the audience at large remained unmoved. With Hiller's Studies it was very different. Being in a familiar form, they readily made their way, and two of them—in D flat and in E minor—were received with great favor. Mendelssohn's Concerto we already knew in all its tranquil and masterly clearness, through the performance of its composer. Liszt played it, as I said, almost at sight, a feat which it would be impossible for any one to imitate him. His powers of execution came out in full glory in the last piece of the programme—the "Hexameron"—a set of variations by Thalberg, Herz, Pixis, and himself. It is truly wonderful to think where he can have found strength to repeat, as he did, fully half the variations, and then, to the rapture of the audience, to wind up with his Galop!

In conclusion, I have only one thing to regret—that he did not give the public an opportunity of hearing him in any of Chopin's pieces, which he plays incomparably and with the greatest affection. In his own room he cheerfully plays anything one asks for, and often I have listened to him there with astonishment. He left us on Thursday morning.

It is interesting to be able to compare with the foregoing, Mendelssohn's briefer but not less characteristic account of Liszt's visit, as contained in a letter to his mother, dated "Leipzig, March 30, 1840."

"..... The bustle of the last week or two has been fearful. Liszt was here for fourteen days and made a prodigious stir in every sense, good and bad. I take him to be a good cordial fellow

at bottom, and a wonderful artist. That he beats almost every one else at playing there can be no doubt; but still Thalberg, with his coolness and self-control, is more perfect as a real *virtuoso*, and, after all, that is the standard to apply even to Liszt, for his compositions are inferior to his playing, and can only be looked at as a piece of execution. I mean that a Fantasia of Thalberg (that on the "Donna del Lago" for instance) is an accumulation of the choicest and most delicate effects, with a succession of difficulties and elegancies that are quite astonishing. All is thoroughly considered and planned, with perfect certainty and knowledge, and all in the very best taste; and though the man has an inconceivable strength in his hand, he has acquired a lightness of touch which is peculiarly his own. On the other hand, Liszt possesses a special flexibility and distinctness of touch, and a thorough musical intelligence pervaded every fibre of his body, in which no one can compete with him. In fact I never before met with any one whose musical sensibility seemed so to saturate him to his very finger tips, and to stream out directly from them; and this directness, joined to his enormous technique and practice, would enable him easily to distance everybody, if, after all, individual ideas were not the main thing; and these—at any rate hitherto—nature seems to have denied him; so that, in that respect, most of the other great players are his equals or even his superiors. That he and Thalberg by themselves form the first class of living pianists, I have no manner of doubt.

"Unfortunately, the way in which he has conducted himself towards the public has not given satisfaction. The whole controversy is just like hearing two people quarrelling who are both in the wrong, and whom one longs to set right. The Philistines, to whom high prices are everything and who therefore make no end of a fuss lest a clever fellow should make too much money, they may go to the deuce. But to see the papers! It has absolutely poured with explanations and counter-explanations, criticisms and accusations, and the like, not an atom of which has really to do with music, so that his coming has produced nearly as much vexation as pleasure.

"Still, there has been now and then a vast deal of pleasure. It occurred to me that perhaps the best way to put a stop to this bad feeling would be to give people an opportunity of seeing and hearing him close. I put the idea in practice at once, and gave a soirée at the Gewandhaus to him and three hundred and fifty more, with orchestra and chorus, punch, sweets, "Meerestille," Psalm, Bach's triple-concerto (Liszt, Hiller, and me), choruses from "St. Paul," fantasia from "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Erl King," and the Lord only knows what else; and all were so pleased, and played and sang with such a zest, that everybody vowed it was the most delightful evening they had ever spent: and so I accomplished what I wanted in the pleasantest way."

THE OPERA IN HUNGARY.—The representation of an Hungarian opera in Pesth, during the visit of the Emperor King, is thus recorded by a correspondent, of the *Daily Telegraph*:—"The curtain rose on an Hungarian village, and the first thing we heard was the wild fiddling of a band of gipsies—all strings, save one clarinet—which marched on the stage playing a *czardas*, followed by a throng of happy peasants and hussars in the old national uniform. The first thing the hussars did, of course, was to call for drink, and get it; when the sergeant in command, a broken-down *tenore robusto*, advanced to the foot-lights, raised his beaker high, and after a short preamble, called upon his troopers, in what should have been A flat, but, unfortunately, was G natural, to swallow their liquor to the toast of "Eljen a Kiraly!" (Long live the King!) It was on account of this happy and singularly appropriate

bit of 'gag' that "Ilka," the opera in question, had been selected for performance. Of course the audience rose *en masse*, and repeated the refrain in a thundering shout; the Emperor went through his thankful movements with military precision, and the business of the stage was resumed. A worse opera I never had the misfortune of listening to; but in one respect it was admirable: viz., in the simplicity of its plot. A recruiting party of hussars come in to a village; in this village happens to reside a juvenile Magyar, all bragg and boots, who "never had no father nor no mother," and who is in love with the soprano, a well-to-do young woman. A gipsy foretells no end of a destiny to the booted orphan, whose (musical) personal statements are highly objectionable; but he feels that his vocation is to be a hussar, and snubs the fortune-teller. Well, he becomes a hussar, and obtains the hand of the prima donna with the moderate income. And that is all the story, I assure you, of an opera three acts and two hours long."

MENDELSSOHN.—The London *Daily News* has the following: "Our musical readers will learn with pleasure that the house of Messrs. Ewer will shortly publish some important works of Mendelssohn, which his executors have only just decided on allowing to appear. The first composition to be brought out will be the concert overture in C, known as the 'trumpet overture,' from the frequent recurrence of a characteristic passage for that instrument. This work was written in 1825, and was performed at the Düsseldorf musical festival in 1833, and two or three times by our Philharmonic Society, but was withheld from publication by Mendelssohn himself. The most important promise, however, is that of the production of Mendelssohn's great "Reformation Symphony," in D minor, a work composed in 1830, in celebration of the German Reformation Festival. Mendelssohn wrote this "Reformation Symphony" during his stay in Rome, probably incited to the composition, as Mr. Benedict says in his memoir of the composer, 'by the sight of the monastery in which Martin Luther, whilst still an Augustine monk, had been resident.' As the work was the result of the same period that produced the materials for his Italian symphony, as Mendelssohn is said to have been much pleased with it at the time, and as he frequently played a transcript of it on the piano-forte to admiring hearers, among whom were some of the most eminent musicians of the day, it is fair to assume that this symphony, so long withheld, will prove a rich addition to the already published works of its composer. Others of his posthumous works are also promised for publication, comprising an eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, besides some detached songs and piano-forte studies. In the present comparative dearth of creative musical genius, the prospect of the appearance of such art treasures is most welcome and gratifying, and it is to be hoped that their publication will lead the way to that of others of the many works of their composer which still remain in manuscript."

A NOVEL system of scenic arrangement which is an important alteration on the old features, is being tried at the opera-house in Paris. By this system those scenes known as "acts" are dispensed with, and the "flats" are replaced by a moveable panorama which can be drawn backwards and forwards at will, moving in a groove on its own axis outwards. It is very easy to manage, being worked from above and below; it also closes like a fan, so as to be removed to give place to the curtains, borders, etc., or to be drawn up to the "flies" if need be. The whole is lighted with a single jet. The light, sifted (*tamisée*) through a series of transparencies, falls on the stage "as the sunlight falls on the earth."

* The second Concerto, in D minor, Op. 40.

† Asch in Bohemia.